



## SMILES IN THE RAIN.

The coward may smile  
When there's sun all the while—  
It's braver to smile in the rain.  
The weakest may joy  
When there's naught to annoy—  
He's stronger who smiles through his pain.  
And then when there's sun, when there's  
bird song and breeze,  
When gloom's put to rout and discour-  
agement flees,  
What need has the world  
Of the mouth corners curled  
In the cheeriest smiles, when the fields  
and trees  
Are smiling so broadly that nobody sees  
The wee bit of brightness you're giving  
the while?  
But days when it's rainy there's need  
for your smile.  
The weaking may smile  
When there's brightness the while—  
It's better to smile when there's rain.  
The gloomster may joy  
When there's naught to annoy—  
He's brave who can laugh through his  
pain.  
When all the world is so full of song  
That birds sing and brooklets go warb-  
ling along,  
With hearts light as chaff  
All the earth seems to laugh—  
The sunny day courage says not you  
are strong,  
Though hearty good cheer one could  
never call wrong—  
But oh, when the day is all haggard and  
gray  
And nature weeps gloomily, sobbing  
away—  
Then laugh in the hope of the sweet  
afterwhile.  
On days when it's rainy there's need  
for your smile.  
—S. W. Gilliam, in Baltimore American.

A Daughter  
of the Sioux

By GEN. CHARLES KING.

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## CHAPTER XV.

Woman's intuition often far out-  
strips the slower mental process of  
the other sex. The mother who has  
to see a beloved daughter's silent  
suffering, well-knowing another girl  
to be, however indirectly, the cause  
of it, sees all manner of other iniqui-  
ties in that other girl. Kind, chari-  
table and gentle was Mrs. Dade,  
a wise mother, too, as well as most  
loving, but she could look with  
neither kindness nor charity on Miss  
Flower. She had held her peace; al-  
lowed no word of censure or criti-  
cism to escape her when the women  
were discussing that young lady; but  
all the more vehement was her dis-  
trust, because thus pent up and re-  
pressed. With the swiftness of femi-  
nine thought, for no man had yet  
suspected, she fathomed the secret  
of the trader's sudden going; and,  
carried away by the excitement of the  
moment and the belief that none but  
her husband could hear, she made  
that startling announcement. And  
her intuition was unerring. Nanette  
Flower was indeed gone.

Yet for nearly an hour she stood  
alone in her conviction. Her hus-  
band quickly cautioned silence, and,  
going forth, gave instructions to the  
couriers that sent them speeding for  
the Rawlins road. But at seven  
o'clock, Mrs. Hay herself appeared  
and asked to see the general, who  
was taking at the moment his ac-  
customed bracer, tonic and stimulant  
—the only kind he was ever known to  
use—a cold bath. So it was to Mrs.  
Dade, in all apparent frankness and  
sincerity, the trader's wife began her  
tale. Every one at Frayne well knew  
that her anxiety as to the outcome  
of the battle on the Elk had well-nigh  
eaten that of the wives and sweet-  
hearts within the garrison. While her  
niece, after the first day's excite-  
ment, kept to her room, the aunt  
went flitting from house to house,  
full of sympathy and suggestion, but  
obviously more deeply concerned than  
they had ever seen her. Now, she  
seemed worried beyond words at  
thought of her husband's having to  
go just at this time. It was mainly  
on Nanette's account, she said. Only  
last night, with the mail from Lar-  
mie, had come a letter, posted in San  
Francisco the week before, telling  
Miss Flower that her dearest friend  
and roommate for four years at  
school, who had been on an extended  
bridal tour, would pass through Raw-  
lins, eastward bound, on Friday's  
train, and begging Nanette to meet  
her and go as far as at least as Chey-  
enne. Her husband, it seems, had  
been hurriedly recalled to New York,  
and there was no help for it. Nanette  
had expected to join her, and go all  
the way east in late October or early  
November; had given her promise, in  
fact, for she was vastly excited by  
the news, and despite headache and  
lassitude that had oppressed her for  
two days past, she declared she must  
go, and Uncle Will must take her.  
So, with only a small trunk, hastily  
packed, of her belongings, and an  
iron-bound chest of the trader's, the  
two had started before dawn in Uncle  
Bill's stout buckboard, behind his  
famous four-mule team, with Pete to  
drive, and two sturdy ranchmen as  
outriders, hoping to reach the Medi-  
cine Bow by late afternoon, and rest  
at Brenner's ranch. Confidentially,  
Mrs. Hay told Mrs. Dade that her  
husband was glad of the excuse to  
take the route up the Platte instead  
of the old, rough trail southeastward  
over the mountains to Rock creek,  
for he had a large sum in currency  
to get to the bank, and there were  
desperadoes along the mountain  
route who well knew he would have

to send that money in, and were sure-  
ly on the lookout to waylay him—or  
it. Ever since pay day two or three  
rough characters had been hanging  
about the store, and Hay suspected  
they were watching his movements,  
with the intention of getting word to  
their comrades in crime the moment  
he started, and it was almost as much  
to steal a march on them as to oblige  
Nanette, he so willingly left before  
it was light. The Rawlins road fol-  
lowed the Platte valley all the way to  
Brenner's, and, once there, he would  
feel safe, whereas the Rock creek  
trail wound through gulch, ravine and  
forest most of the distance, affording  
many a chance for ambush. Of  
course, said Mrs. Hay, if her husband  
had for a moment supposed the gen-  
eral would wish to see him, he would  
not have gone, adding, with just a  
little touch of proper, warlike spirit,  
that on the general's previous visits  
he had never seemed to care whether  
he saw Mr. Hay or not.

All this did Mrs. Dade accept with  
courteous, yet guarded interest.  
They were seated in the little army  
parlor, talking in low tone; for, with  
unfailing tact, Mrs. Hay had asked  
for Esther, and expressed her sym-  
pathy on hearing of her being un-  
nerved by the excitement through  
which they had passed. Well she  
knew that Field's serious condition  
had not a little to do with poor Es-  
ther's prostration, but that was  
knowledge never to be hinted at.  
Dade himself she did not wish to meet  
just now. He was too direct a ques-  
tioner, and had said and looked things  
about Nanette that made her dread  
him. She knew that, however austere  
and commanding he might be when  
acting under his own convictions, he  
was abnormally susceptible to uxorial  
views, and the way to win the cap-  
tain's sympathies or avert his cen-  
sure, was to secure the kindly inter-  
est of his wife. Mrs. Hay knew that  
he had sent couriers off by the Raw-  
lins road—a significant thing in itself  
—and that couriers had come in from  
the north with further news from  
Webb. She knew he had gone to the  
office, and would probably remain  
there until summoned for breakfast;  
and now was her time, for there was  
something further to be spoken of,  
and while gentle and civil, Mrs. Dade  
had not been receptive. It was evi-  
dent to the trader's wife that her lord  
and master had made a mistake in  
leaving when he did. He knew the  
general was on the way. He knew  
there was that money business to be  
cleared up, yet she knew there were  
reasons why she wanted him away—  
reasons hardest of all to plausibly  
explain. There were reasons, indeed,  
why she was glad Nanette was gone.

She was glad Nanette was gone,  
because Field, wounded and present,  
would have advantages over possible  
suitors absent on campaign—because  
all the women and a few of the men  
were now against her, and because  
from some vague, intangible sym-  
ptoms, Mrs. Hay had satisfied herself  
that there was something in the  
wind Nanette was hiding from—her  
benefactress, her best friend, and it  
seemed like cold-blooded treachery.  
Hay had for two days been disturbed,  
nervous and unhappy, yet would not  
tell her why. He had been cross-ques-  
tioning Pete, "Crapaud" and other em-  
ployes, and searching about the  
premises in a way that excited curi-  
osity and even resentment, for the  
explanation he gave was utterly in-  
adequate. To satisfy her, if possible,  
he had confided, as he said, the fact  
that certain money for which Lieut.  
Field was accountable, had been  
stolen. The cash had been carefully  
placed in his old-fashioned safe; the  
missing money, therefore, had been  
taken while still virtually in his  
charge. "They might even suspect  
me," he said, which she knew would  
not be the case. "They forbade my  
speaking of it to anybody, but I sim-  
ply had to tell you." She felt sure  
there was something he was conceal-  
ing; something he would not tell her;  
something concerning Nanette, there-  
fore, because she so loved Nanette, she  
shrank from revealing what might  
wound her, indeed, it was best that  
Nanette should go for the time, at  
least, but Mrs. Hay little dreamed  
that others would be saying—even  
this kindly, gentle woman before her  
—that Nanette should have stayed  
until certain strange things were  
thoroughly and satisfactorily ex-  
plained.

But the moment she began, falter-  
ing not a little, to speak of matters  
at the post, as a means of leading  
up to Nanette—matters concerning  
Lieut. Field and his financial affairs—  
to her surprise Mrs. Dade gently up-  
lifted her hand and voice. "I am go-  
ing to ask you not to tell me, Mrs.  
Hay," she said. "Captain Dade has  
given me to understand there was  
something to be investigated, but  
preferred that I should not ask about  
it. Now, the general will be down in  
15 or 20 minutes. I suggest that we  
walk over to the hospital and see how  
Mr. Field is getting on. We can talk,  
you know, as we go. Then you will  
breakfast with us. Indeed, may I  
not give you a cup of coffee now,  
Mrs. Hay?"

But Mrs. Hay said no. She had had  
coffee before coming. She would go  
and see if there was anything they  
could do for Field, and would try  
again to induce Mrs. Dade to listen  
to certain of her explanations.

But Mrs. Dade was silent and pre-  
occupied. She was thinking of that  
story of Nanette's going, and wonder-  
ing whether it could be true. She  
was wondering if Mrs. Hay knew the  
couriers had gone to recall Hay, and  
that if he and Nanette failed to re-  
turn it might mean trouble for both.  
She could accord to Mrs. Hay no con-  
fidences of her own, and had been  
compelled to decline to listen to those  
with which Mrs. Hay would have  
favored her. She was thinking of some-  
thing still more perplexing. The gen-  
eral, as her husband finally told her,  
had asked first thing to see Hay, and

later declared that he wished to talk  
with Mrs. Hay and see Nanette. Was  
it possible that he knew anything of  
what she knew—that between Hay's  
household and Stabber's village there  
had been communication of some kind  
—that the first thing found in the In-  
dian pouch brought home by Capt.  
Blake was a letter addressed in Nan-  
ette Flower's hand, and with it three  
card photographs, two of them of un-  
mistakable Indians in civilized garb,  
and two letters, addressed, like hers,  
to Mr. Ralph Moreau—one care of the  
Rev. Jasper Strong, Valentine, Neb.,  
the other to the general delivery,  
Omaha?

Yes, that pouch brought in by Capt.  
Blake had contained matter too  
weighty for one woman, wise as she  
was, to keep to herself. Mrs. Blake,  
with her husband's full consent, had  
summoned Mrs. Ray, soon after his  
departure on the trail of Webb, and  
told her of the strange discovery.  
They promptly decided there was  
only one thing to do with the letter—  
hand or send it, unopened, to Miss  
Flower. Then, as Blake had no time  
to examine further, they decided to  
search the pouch. There might be  
more letters in the same superscrip-  
tion.

But there were not. The first one  
they had already decided should go  
to Miss Flower. The others, they  
thought, should be handed unopened  
to the commanding officer. They  
might contain important information,  
now that the Sioux were at war, and  
that Ralph Moreau had turned out  
probably to be a real personage. But  
first they would consult Mrs. Dade.  
They had done so the very evening of  
Blake's departure, even as he, long  
miles away, was telling Kennedy his  
Irish heart was safe from the designs



"DELIVERED IN PERSON TO MISS  
FLOWER, WHO MET HIM AT THE  
TRADER'S GATE."

of one blood-thirsty Sioux; and Mrs.  
Dade had agreed with them that Nan-  
ette's letter should be sent to her  
forthwith, and that, as Capt. Blake  
had brought it in, the duty of return-  
ing the letter devolved upon his wife.  
And so, after much thought and  
consultation, a little note was writ-  
ten, saying nothing about the other  
contents of the pouch itself. "Dear  
Miss Flower," it read. "The enclosed  
was found by Capt. Blake some time  
this morning. He had no time to de-  
liver it in person. Yours sincerely,  
N. B. Blake."

Note and enclosure were sent first  
thing next morning by the trusty  
hand of Master Sanford Ray, himself,  
and by him delivered in person to  
Miss Flower, who met him at the  
trader's gate. She took it, he said,  
and smiled, and thanked him charm-  
ingly before she opened it. She was  
coming out for her customary walk  
at the hour of guard mounting, but  
the next thing he knew she had  
"scouted" indoors again.

And from that moment Miss Flower  
had not been seen.  
All this was Mrs. Dade revolving in  
mind as she walked pityingly by the  
side of the troubled woman, only  
vaguely listening to her flow of  
words. They had thought to be ad-  
mitted to the little room in which  
the wounded officer lay, but as they  
tiptoed into the wide, airy hall, and  
looked over the long vista of pink-  
striped coverlets in the big ward be-  
yond, the doctor himself appeared at  
the entrance and barred the way.

"Is there nothing we can do?" asked  
Mrs. Dade, with tears in her voice.  
"Is he—so much worse?"

"Nothing can be done just now,"  
answered Waller, gravely. "He has  
had high fever during the night—  
has been wakeful and flighty again.  
I—should rather no one entered just  
now."

And then they noted that even the  
steward who had been with poor  
Field was now hovering about the  
door of the dispensary and that only  
Dr. Waller remained within the room.  
"I am hoping to get him to sleep  
again presently," said he. "And when  
he is mending there will be a host  
of things for you both to do."

But that mending seemed many a  
day off, and Mrs. Hay, poor woman,  
had graver cares of her own before  
the setting sun. Avoiding the possi-  
bility of meeting the general just  
now, and finding Mrs. Dade both si-  
lent and constrained at mention of  
her niece's name, the trader's wife  
went straight homeward from the  
hospital, and did not even see the  
post commander hurrying from his  
office, with an open dispatch in his  
hand. But by this time the chief and  
his faithful aide were out on the ve-  
randa, surrounded by anxious wives  
and daughters, many of whom had  
been earnestly bothering the doctor  
at the hospital before going to break-  
fast. Dade much wished them away,  
though the news brought in by night  
riders was both stirring and cheery.  
The Indians had flitted away from  
Webb's front, and he counted on

reaching and rescuing the Dry Fork  
party within six hours from the time  
the courier started. They might ex-  
pect the good news during the after-  
noon of Thursday. Scouts and flank-  
ers reported finding "travoids" and  
pony tracks leading westward from  
the scene of Ray's fierce battle, in-  
dicating that the Indians had carried  
their dead and wounded into the fast-  
nesses of the southern slopes of the  
Big Horn, and that their punishment  
had been heavy. Among the chiefs  
killed or seriously wounded was this  
new, vehement leader whom Capt.  
Blake and Ray thought might be Red  
Fox, who was so truculent at the  
Black Hills conference the previous  
year. Certain of the men, however,  
who had seen Red Fox at that time  
expressed doubts. Lieut. Field, said  
Webb, had seen him, and could prob-  
ably say.

Over this dispatch the general pondered  
gravely. "From what I know  
of Red Fox," said he, "I should think  
him a leader of the Sitting Bull type  
—a shrewd, intriguing, mischief-mak-  
ing fellow, a sort of Sioux walking  
delegate, not a battle leader, but ac-  
cording to Blake and Ray this new  
man is a fighter."

Then Mrs. Dade came out and bore  
the general off to breakfast, and dur-  
ing breakfast the chief was much pre-  
occupied. Mrs. Dade and an aide-de-  
camp chatted on social matters. The  
general exchanged an occasional  
word with his host and his hostess,  
and finally surprised neither of them,  
when breakfast was over and he had  
consumed the last of his glass of hot  
water, by saying to his staff officer:  
"I should like to see Mrs. Hay a few  
minutes, if possible. We'll walk  
round there first. Then—let the team  
be ready at ten o'clock."

(To Be Continued.)

## TWO SECRETS.

Pathetic Little Tale of Two Fond  
Old Hearts That Suffered in  
Silence for Each Other.

"How's business, Eben?"

The old man was washing at the  
sink after his day's work, relates  
Youth's Companion.

"Fine, Marthy, fine!"

"Does the store look just the same,  
with the red geranium in the win-  
dow? Land, how I'd like to see it  
with the sun shining in! How does  
it look, Eben?"

Eben did not answer for a moment;  
when he did his voice shook a bit.

"The store's never been the same  
since you left, Marthy."

A faint little flush came into Mar-  
tha's withered cheek. Is a wife ever  
too old to be moved by her husband's  
flattery?

For years Eben and Martha had  
kept a tiny notion store; then Martha  
fell sick and was taken to the hos-  
pital. That was months ago. She  
was out now, but she would never be  
strong—never be partner in their  
happy little trade again.

"I can't get over a hankering for  
a sight of the store," thought Martha  
one forenoon. "If I take it real care-  
ful I can get down there; 'tisn't so  
far. Eben'll scold, but he'll be tickled  
most to death."

It took a long time for her to drag  
herself downtown, but at last she  
stood at the head of the little street  
where the store was. All of a sudden  
she stopped. Ahead, on the pave-  
ment, stood Eben. A tray hung from  
his neck on which were arranged a  
few cards of collar studs, some papers  
of pins, and shoelaces. Two or three  
holders were in his shaking old hand,  
and as he stood he called his wares.

Martha clutched at the wall of the  
building. She looked over the way  
at the little store. Its windows were  
filled with fruit, and an Italian name  
fluttered on the awning. Then Martha  
understood. The store had gone to  
pay her expenses. She turned and  
hurried away as fast as her trembling  
limbs would take her.

"It will hurt him so to have me  
find out!" she thought, and the tears  
trickled down her face.

"He's kept a secret from me, and  
I'll keep one from him," she said to  
herself. "He shan't know that I  
know."

That night when Eben came in,  
chilled and weary, Martha asked,  
cheerfully, the old question:

"How's business?"

"Better'n ever, Marthy!" answered  
Eben.

## A Moving Seal.

When Turner exhibited his great  
picture, "The Building of Carthage,"  
he was disappointed because it had  
not been sold at once at the private  
view, and angry with the press for  
criticizing it severely. Sir Robert Peel  
called upon him, relates Youth's Com-  
panion.

"Mr. Turner," said he, "I admire  
your 'Carthage' so much that I want  
to buy it. I am told you want 500  
guineas for it."

"Yes," said Turner, "it was 500 guineas,  
but to-day it's 600."

"Well," said Sir Robert, "I did not  
come prepared to give 600, and I must  
think it over. At the same time, it  
seems to me that the change is an ex-  
traordinary piece of business on your  
part."

"Do as you please," said Turner.  
"Do as you please."

After a few days Sir Robert called  
again upon the great painter. "Mr.  
Turner," he began, "although I  
thought it a very extraordinary thing  
for you to raise your price, I shall be  
proud to give you the 600 guineas."

"Ah!" said Turner. "It was 600 guineas,  
but to-day it's 700."

Sir Robert grew angry, and Turner  
laughed. "I was only in fun," he said.  
"I don't intend to sell the picture at  
all. It shall be my winding-sheet."

For years he kept it in his cellar.  
Then it was brought up and hung in  
his gallery, where it remained as long  
as he lived. When he died he left it  
to the nation.

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